# A FIRST SPELLING-LESSON.

By L. R. Baker.

There were only two little boys in the class,
Two fat little fellows with eyes of blue;
And one was Johnny, oh, listen to this,
The other was Johnny, too.

"Spell 'pie,'" said the teacher, with smiling lips,
"Now, Johnny Jones, you must try."
He looked very solemn and wise and good,
And he spelled it, "P-i, pie."

"Come, Johnny Smith, I will listen to you,
While Johnny Jones has his cry."
A gleam of triumph in two blue eyes,
And he straightway spelled "P-y."

Together the Johnnies came out from school,
Their brave little spirits quelled;
They were wondering, wondering, wondering
What p-i and p-y spelled!

# THE MULES AND THE ELECTRIC CAR.

By Mary S. McCobb.

They were mules. Two little fellows, with dainty feet and funny long ears. They lived in the big stable, at the foot of the great bluff.

But, though small, they had been accustomed to earn their own living. How? Why, by drawing a street-car in a Western city. Briskly they had worked, always ready, always alert. Every night they ate their supper with all the dignity and self-respect of other wage-earners.

When, lo! one fine day came strange news. The mules pricked up their ears. What was it they heard? Horses and mules should be set aside? Men would "harness the lightning," and make it drag the cars?

"Throw us out of employment?" cried the mules. "Do they flatter their foolish selves they can do without *us*? Not a bit of it. The public demands our services. The public shall have them! Go to!"

So, what do you think those plucky fellows did? The electric car was ready. The man who was "to drive the lightning" was in his place.

Suddenly "patter—patter—patter—patter," came the sound of eight spry hoofs.

"Here we are!" called the mules cheerfully.

Sure enough, here they were, in their usual place, in front of the car. Fastened to it? Oh, no! Why mind a trifle like that?

"Tang! Tang!" went the bell.

"Patter—patter—patter—patter!"

Off scuttled the mules.

"Tang!"

The mules came to a standstill. So did the car. "Of course. It always stops when we do!" said the mules, and they wagged their tails.

"Tang! Tang!"

Off they started afresh. Lively work this! What was the stupid driver laughing at? Was there a stray joke anywhere?

All along the town, through the streets where business men *should* attend to their own affairs, and not stand still to look and laugh.

"We know what we 're about!" declared the little mules.

"Patter—patter—patter—patter!"

I believe they trotted in front of that electric car to the very end of the route, till they reached the place where the tall chimneys of a factory belch forth clouds of smoke.

At last the mules may rest.

"Ah ha! Ah ha! He haw! He haw!"

It was their time to laugh now.

"Did n't we *tell* you the public should have our services? 'Drive the lightning?' Fudge! *We* pulled that car!"

And a lady who lives in that very town told me about it. She is a very ve-ra-cious person so that I know that this story is true.



Digitized by Google Original from PENN STATE